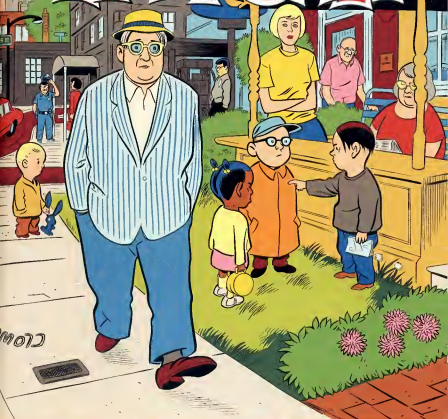


EIGHTBALL

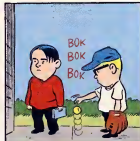


BY DANIEL CLOWES

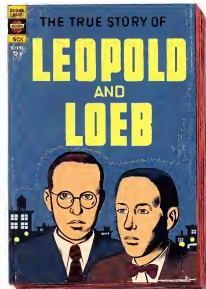
ISSUE
22

29 STORIES IN FULL COLOR
ALL NEW CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS
PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC.









NATHAN LEOPOLD, 28, WAS OF A DISTINGUISHED, QUIET, PRECISE HOUSEHOLD STUDENT WITH A DREAM OF DENTISTRY...



THE TWO BOYS WERE BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING. THEIR ELABORATE ALIBI QUICKLY UNRAVELED AND THEY WERE LEFT WITH NO ESCAPE BUT TO DENY AND BURN FOR MONEY.



OF COURSE, IN LOEB'S VERSION IT WAS LEOPOLD WHO DELIVERED THE MURDER BLUES, NOT MURDER, WHO COULD POSSIBLY DENY THEIR CULPABILITY.



HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH LOEB WAS A COMPLEX AFFAIR WITH LEOPOLD IN A DELICATELY SUBORDINATE ROLE TO HIS POPULAR COUNTERPART...



ACCORDING TO LEOPOLD, THE TWO HAD PLANNED TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME AS A TEST TO THE SUPERSTITION OF THEIR COMMUNED INTEREST.



CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THEY MUST HAVE FELT AS THE NET WAS SLIGHTLY CLOSING AROUND THEM?



IT WAS THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!



THE ONLY CLUES IN THE CASE WERE A PAIR OF HORNED BURNING SLIPPERS AND A YOUNG MURDERER WHOSE NAME HAD BEEN SENT TO THE BOY'S CLUB.



LEOPOLD LOEB, SON OF WEALTH AND PROMINENCE, WAS A TOP STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND A GENUINE GENIUS OF MONEY MAKING.



AS THE INVESTIGATION DEEPENED, POLICE WERE FORCED TO UNCOVER A FAR MORE SHOCKING SCENE BETWEEN THE TWO...



BOBBY EDWARDS HAD BEEN SELECTED BECAUSE OF HIS UNCOMMON SENSE AND BECAUSE HIS FATHER WAS WEALTHY ENOUGH TO HAVE THE BRASS "HABLE" BEEN PARADOXICAL...



EVENTUALLY THEY WENT TO TRIAL AND WERE PROBABLY SHOCKED DEATH BY THE SLOGGISHNESS OF CLARENCE GARDNER. EACH WAS SENTENCED TO 30-YEAR PRISON FOR A TERM OF LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS.



ON MAY 22, 1934, THE BODY OF 34-YEAR-OLD BOBBY EDWARDS WAS FOUND IN A BEAUCHAMPEL MOUNTAIN OF CHICAGO.



ALL OF CHICAGO WAS RAILED. WHY WOULD THIS MURDEROUS DEED HAVE KILLED YOUNG BOBBY EDWARDS? HE COULD HAVE EASILY CHANGED TO GOODY WITH HIS BURNING...



KNOWN AS AN AFFAIR AND DISGRACEFUL DEEDS AROUND THE ENLIGHTENED AND RACE SECTION OF CHICAGO, LOEB LOEB TOOK AN INTEREST IN THE SPANISH CASE.



THE HORNED BURNING SLIPPERS WERE TRACED TO NATHAN LEOPOLD, WHO LED TO CRIMINAL DISCOVERIES...



ONCE THEY LURED THE BOY INTO THEIR CAR, LOEB ENDED HIM BRUTALLY ON THE HEAD WITH A KNIFE. LEOPOLD COULD HAVE BEEN OVERHEARD WITH BRUTALITY ONE BEFORE HAD BEEN...



IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY, BOBBY EDWARDS WOULD BE 61 YEARS OLD.



MELANCHOLY SERENADE

...FOREMOST AMONG THE VARIOUS CLUES IS THE ALLEGED "RANDOM NOTE," WHICH SEVERAL COPS BELIEVE TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY JONASSEN'S MOTHER DUTSY...

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN STUDIED IN MICRO-SCOPIC DETAIL BY A TEAM OF HIGHLY-TRAINED PROFESSIONALS... AND YET NO CONCLUSIONS HAVE BEEN...

CLICK

IS THAT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET A CAREFUL READING OF YOUR WORK THESE DAYS... CHILD MURDER?

STILL, IT'S A FASCINATING CASE...

TWO OF YOUR SWITCHING RIB-EYES, MR. KNUDSON!

ENTERTAINING TONIGHT ARE WE, WILDER?

THAT'S RIGHT!

I WAS YOUR BUTCHER, YOUR SOMETHING-SOMETHING, YOUR SOMETHING CAVEWOMAN... YOUR...

I WAS YOUR BUTCHER, SOMETHING-SOMETHING, SOMETHING SLAUGHTER...

SIGH!

WHY CAN'T I CONCENTRATE?

IF THE PUBLIC ONLY HAD A CHANCE TO READ MY POEMS... HOW COULD THEY EVER AGAIN FIND MERIT IN THE LIVES OF MRS. WENTZ AND HER THESSALON BIDDNAS?

SIZZLE

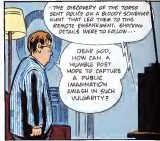
WHICH ONE SHALL I WATCH TONIGHT?

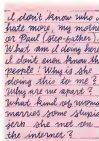
HA!

WHADDYA HAVE TO BE, AN EINSTEIN TO OPEN UP A HOT DOG STAND? IF KUNG BY ITSELF!

LISTEN, DALBY-

SHEER PERFECTION!





my new brother Charles is okay, though. He's kind of like you: quiet and internet.





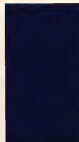
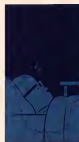
Penrod, I think the only reason my mother hates you is because at that time you dropped me off after the cooker and not so much that you're an "old man" she really doesn't like a clue about us. It doesn't believe that I'm still a virgin, that I care what's



I'm scared, Penrod. What if he rapes me?







Dear friend, just to get you up to date on all things related to me, here is a brief recap of my recent history:



VIDA AND HER

I have two friends here (oh boy!), and am very much in love with my darling Ida. It's a happy time for me.

YES! THEY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THAT LITTLE BOY!



I am in Ice Haven, living in humble exile with my grandmother Ida, a total poetess of reknown ("Mancie Begonia" 1978).



GRANDMOTHER

I have achieved what Marie MacLane calls "a truly wonderful state of miserable merked unhappiness," and I only hope I can describe it to you accurately.



Those of you who read the first issue of my magazine (now far available only at Ida's Books in Ice Haven; zero copies sold) will recall that I grew up in Chicago and attended a well-regarded private school on the south side.

From there (forgive me for repeating myself) I spent four years at a prestigious University and then a year in New York, where no one showed any interest whatsoever in my poetry ("too poetic") or my short fiction ("hard to swallow").



Also I had my first (and last) "serious" relationship with a "man" I was deeplyly forgotten (see 1999 #1 for details).

I have assigned myself the weekly output of one 16-page magazine (1996 and 1997). The second issue was to have been subtitled "Ice Haven for Beginners," but I was derailed by an unexpected discovery.



I chose across on Ida's desk some poems -- a series of nearly identical clues to Ice players (beaten to the draw! written in a pompous, disagreeable voice & replete with unexpected references (The Homesteader's bag & over lower) and oblique language.

OH HEAVENS NO...
THOSE ARE MR.
WILDER'S.

They turned out to have been written by over bachelor neighbor, an oddball oddity with whom I'm currently obsessed.



If only you, Mr. Wilder, could have been my father! Maybe I'd be happy and successful now!

I was able to follow him one day (we were waiting around for people to leave the house!) and it was great. He went to Friedman's Road and bought 2 giant bags of potato chips and put them in his basement.

After that, I went to check on my sales: still exactly zero, dear reader pal.



So that's why this week's issue is "All About Wilder." Next week, if all goes as planned, I'll get to the Ice Haven special.

If you have received any of my magazines in the mail, you are either on my "comp" list (i.e. I like you), or you work in the mailroom at Time, People, Seventeen, Me, Vogue, or Newsweek. It's my dream to get a tiny (one paragraph) mention/profile/review in one of those magazines. Please help a young girl fulfill her dream.



I am still waiting for a response from Russell Edson (I sent him the first issue over a week ago), and learned, with great sadness, that Crickell Johnson is dead (before I was born, even).

Tomorrow I will begin this issue, the issue that you, my dearest friend, are now reading.



MR. & MRS. HAMES

DETECTIVES FOR HIRE

IT WAS 2 PM. WE HAD BEEN CALLED TO ICE HAVEN BY MRS. NATALIE GOLDBERG TO INVESTIGATE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HER SON...



WHY DID YOU TELL HIM TO MEET US HERE WHEN YOU KNOW I HATE CHINESE FOOD?



MAYBE I'D LIKE CHINESE FOOD ONCE IN A WHILE.

WELL WE'RE HERE -- LIVE IT UP!



SEEMS LIKE A QUIET TOWN.



THEY ALL DO AT FIRST...



IT'S JUST ANOTHER SMITHOLE, FILLED WITH WORTHLESS PUS.

AT 2:15 WE MET WITH OFFICER KAUFMAN OF THE HPD. HE GAVE US SEVERAL LEADS AND A COPY OF THE RAMSOM NOTE -- IT WAS A WEIRDIE.



WE WENT BACK TO THE HOTEL WHERE I FAXED THE NOTE TO OUR LAB GUYS. AFTER DINNER, I SAT DOWN TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT IT MYSELF. IT WAS 8:40 PM...



JOE, LET'S GO DO SOMETHING...



GOD DAMN THAT GUY -- WHY DOES HE HAVE TO HAVE IT SO LOUD?



SHOW SOME RESPECT TO OTHERS!

ONE OF THE BEST OF THE

JOE --



YOU WOULD THINK THAT ALL OF THE DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN MRS. AMES AND MYSELF IN REGARD TO THIS MATTER WOULD HAVE HAD SOME EFFECT ON MY ACTIONS. WHO COULD BLAME HER FOR WALKING OUT?



I NEED TO WATCH MYSELF AND KEEP MY EMOTIONS IN CHECK, BECAUSE DEEP DOWN I'M REALLY A VERY EMOTIONAL PERSON. WELL, I CAN CRY LIKE A BABY OVER A PANNED TV COMMERCIAL.



Charles



I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO ME, GEORGE—YOU DON'T HAVE TO LET SERIAL DESIRE CONTROL YOUR LIFE. DESIRE IS NATURE'S WAY OF FURTHERING THE SPREAD AT THE COST OF THE INDIVIDUAL, AND WHAT GOOD IS A SPECIES OF THWARTED INDIVIDUALS?



I SUPPORT ANYTHING THAT GOES AGAINST NATURE. NATURE IS evil. ONLY HUMAN TECHNOLOGICAL IS HEROIC, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT FINDS A WAY TO OUTRAMP NATURE.



HAVE YOU EVER WITNESSED A SPECTACLE AS ARTFUL AS THAT OF A HORSE STALLION BEING ATTACKED BY A SWARM OF HORSEFLIES? THE HORSE BRISTLES, UNABLE TO SWAT THE BLOOD-SUCKERS, CAN DO NOTHING BUT GURGLE AS THEY TAKE THEIR WAY WITH HIM—THAT'S NATURE!



NATURE IS NOT BEAUTIFUL—ONLY THE ARTIFICIAL, AND THE MAN-MADE CAN BE TRULY BEAUTIFUL.

GEORGE:



WHEN I GROW UP I WON'T NEED TO GET MARRIED. THERE WILL BE VIRTUAL REALITY SIMULATORS TO TAKE CARE OF MY SEXUAL NEEDS, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE. SOME BAP DNA, LEAVING THAT IT CAN NO LONGER RELY ON PROGRAMMED LURES TO FURTHER THE SPECIES. IT'LL GIVE UP IN DETEST, AND SERIAL DESIRE WILL BECOME LIKE TOLD-NO SMALL POK.



WILL THIS PUT AN END TO OUR ENDLESS SELF-DESTRUCTION? DOES ALL VIOLENCE END WITH OVERPOWERED SERIAL THWARTMENT? AND WHAT IS THE EQUIVALENT OF VIRTUAL REALITY WHEN IT COMES TO REBOUTING VIOLENT INSTINCTIONS?

SEE CHARLES!



MURDER IS THOUGHT TO BE A 'GIVE AGAINST NATURE'. HOW ABOUT? SERIALS VIOLENCE IS AS ARTFUL AS ALL DEAD THING! NATURE WANTS US TO DIE! NATURE LAUNGS AT OUR SURVIVAL!



IF WE, BECOMING IN OUR OWN VIRTUE, FIND OURSELVES IN A FOLLING UNIVERSE THAT FOLLOWS CIVILITY AND MURDER, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO UPSET US WHEREVER THAT WE CAN THE STRUCTURE OF THAT UNIVERSE!

PERFECT MATHS AND DESIRE? EMERGENCY TECHNOLOGY AND THE BEAUTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS!



CHARLES, DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR MOM AND MY MOM WENT?



THE EYES DOCTOR'S

DO YOU KNOW WHEN THEY'LL BE BACK?



G-G-G

THANKS-



CLICK



HOW CAN I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO KNOW WHEN I KNOW THAT SHE WILL NEVER RECALIBRATE THE DEPTH OF MY LONGING?



The End





DON'T BE SCARED...

I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME...



JUST PROHIBE YOU WON'T HATE ME WHEN I SHOW YOU...



OH GOD--I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU--



YOU'RE NUTS...

THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I GOT HOME WAS I WENT THROUGH ALL OF MY STUFF. I THREW AWAY ALL OF MY STUPID CDs AND MAGAZINES, AND ABOUT TWO THIRDS OF MY CLOTHES.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING I GOT UP EARLY AND WENT OVER TO THE ACTMAN'S, WHO WERE ALWAYS ON VACATION, AND WENT SWIMMING NAKED IN THEIR POOL (WHICH WAS TOTALLY FREEBORN). THEN I WENT HOME AND STUDIED MYSELF IN THE MIRROR FOR A LONG TIME. I'M NOT SUCH A FREAK, I GUESS.



THE NEXT DAY I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT A CD OF FREDERIC CHOPIN, MOSTLY FOR "NOCTURNE #9" WHICH IS MY FAVORITE. I FEEL LIKE THIS MUSIC IS CLEANSING ME OF ALL THE CRAP IN MY LIFE UP TO THIS POINT. IT'S LIKE LISTENING TO ICE WATER.



I WAS JUST THINKING-- I HAVE TO BE BACK AT WORK ON TUESDAY. MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT UNTIL SUMMER--



I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO LOOK AT YOU UNTIL WE GET THERE--IT'S BAD LUCK.

I GUESS I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU BUT MY LIFE HAS BEEN PRETTY HORRIBLE UP TO THIS POINT. MY REAL DAD LEFT WHEN I WAS LIKE FOUR AND MY MOM IS PRETTY MUCH A TOTAL GELFISH BITCH.



I'M SURE THAT SOUNDS REALLY STUPID, BUT I REALLY DO. SO MAYBE I'M STUPID.



MAYBE THIS IS A BIG MISTAKE. I WONDER WHAT PENROD IS THINKING? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, PENROD?



MY FRIEND JULIE THINKS IT'S CREEPY TO GET MARRIED, BUT SHE'S KIND OF BIASSED AGAINST MEN. I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD AND ALL THAT, BUT DESPITE ALL THE CRAP I'VE BEEN THROUGH IN MY LIFE, I STILL BELIEVE IN TRUE LOVE.



I GUESS HE WOULDN'T BE HERE IF HE DIDN'T REALLY LOVE ME. I LOVE YOU TOO, PENROD.



I FEEL SO WEIRD. DON'T YOU FEEL WEIRD?

YEAH.



"MRS. POLASKI"



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO. I KNOW I SAID I WAS GOING TO STAY HERE UNTIL THE END OF SCHOOL, BUT I WANT TO COME WITH YOU NOW...

IT'S ONLY TWO MONTHS.



I GUESS...



I CALLED JULIE'S MOTHER AND SHE SAID YOU DIDN'T GO OVER THERE AT ALL TONIGHT.



YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, SO SHUT THE FUCK UP.



HARRY NEVBORES

COMIC BOOK CRITIC



ROCKY

100,000 B.C.



THE HOLE

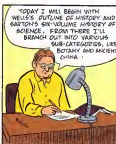
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING, CHARLES... THIS IS THE WAY IT ALL WENT DOWN...





SEERSUCKER





JULIE PATHKETICSTEIN



MRS. AMES



A MAN HAS TO STAY FIVE OR SIX MOVIES AHEAD IN HIS MIND IF HE WANTS TO KEEP UP IN A MARRIAGE.

HE'S NEVER GOING TO WIN, BUT IF HE STAYS SHARP, HE CAN AT LEAST MAINTAIN HIS POSITION ON THE BOARD...

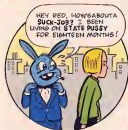
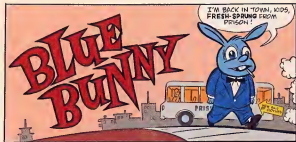
DON'T GET ME WRONG, I LOVE MY WIFE-- ALL THE HOURS AND THE HARD WORK, IT'S ALL FOR HER...



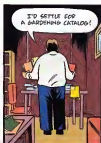
Officer Kaufman®







Random Wilder IN TOILET TIME



CHARLES and his THERAPIST



THE RANSOM NOTE



WE HAD BEEN ASKED TO TAPE A SEGMENT FOR A NEWS SHOW IN NEARBY FEDERALS - BURG TO DISCUSS OUR FINDINGS IN THE SOLDERBERG CASE...

THE HOST WAS A REAL PRICK - JUST THE KIND OF GUY I HATE...

I GET SO TIRED OF SMALL PARASITES WHO THINK THEY HAVE THE GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO SECOND-GUESS THE WORK OF A PROFESSIONAL!



THAT AFTERNOON, WE HAD A DISCUSSION ABOUT THE CASE. MRS. AMES THOUGHT THAT WE SHOULD TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF AND COME BACK TO IT WITH A FRESH PERSPECTIVE. I WANTED TO KEEP WORKING.

MY BEST WORK COMES THROUGH INTUITION AND INSPIRATION, WHILE THE MRS. TREATS HER JOB AS MORE OF A 9-TO-5 KIND OF THING.

EVEN THOUGH IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, I DECIDED I WOULD GO DOWNTOWN FOR A WALK. I NEEDED SOME TIME ALONE.



THE TRUTH IS, I HAD LOST MY TOUCH. THE THRILL OF A NEW CASE HAD DIED DOWN AND I HAD SETTLED INTO AN UNPRODUCTIVE ROUTINE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'VE BEEN WONDERING MORE AND MORE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO START A NEW LIFE WITH SOMEONE ELSE. WHEN I FIRST MET MRS. AMES SHE WAS GOING THROUGH SOME BAD TIMES, MAYBE SOME OF THE SANCTIONS HAVE DIED DOWN A BIT.

I'M ATTRACTED TO PEOPLE WHO ARE IN TROUBLE. I CAN'T HELP IT; I WANT TO SAVE PEOPLE... I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.



YOU TRY TO DO YOUR JOB THE BEST YOU CAN, BUT SOMETIMES YOU FIND YOURSELF ON AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CASE THAN THE ONE YOU STARTED OUT WITH.



I'M A GUY WHO GOES BY HIS GUT. I TRUST MY INSTINCTS ABOVE ALL, BUT AT A CERTAIN POINT YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO WHAT THE CLUES ARE TELLING YOU.



LIKE I SAID, I CAN BE VERY EMOTIONAL AT TIMES. THE TINIEST LITTLE THING CAN GET ME OFF...



SORRY I'M LATE.

THAT'S OKAY...



I'VE JUST BEEN LYING HERE IN BED ALL NIGHT—I THINK I'M SICK.



YOU MUST BE STARVING—DO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU SOMETHING?

I HAD A HAMBURGER DOWNSTAIRS—I'M EAT.



TSSSSSS



SHUK SHUK



FLUS



WHEN DID YOU EAT ASPARAGUS?





MR. WILDER SUMMONS THE ANNOYING CHILDREN OF HIS NEIGHBOUR...



AND SOON...



AND SOON...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



AND SOON...



AND SOON...



THAT NIGHT, MR. WILDER CRUISES THE SHORES OF ICE HAVEN, CONTEMPLATING HIS LONELY CONDITION...



AND LATER...



DAVID GOLDBERG IS ALIVE

Isn't that the most wonderful news?



Apparently, some creeps had jam locked in a room somewhere. They're not too clear on what happened, but he showed up safe and sound in Earley park some time this afternoon.



He's kind of a weird kid.



Anyway, the whole town has been going nuts!



Even the girl from the stationery store formerly known as Julie Patheticstein, whose real name is turns out is Julie Rathman and who is actually not so bad, was smiling!



As the news spread, a throng of Ice Havenites began to line Summer street. People were sobbing and hugging perfect strangers and running out into the street.



In all the excitement, the downerman from Allstate Food Gas wandered toward me, as though he was actually going to talk to me for once!



We embraced passionately and ran off together toward the park.



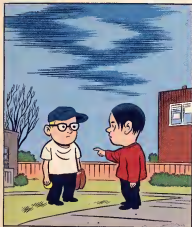
As evening fell, all the people of Ice Haven held hands and began to sing the most spine-chillingly beautiful song, like a beautiful hymn or the last part of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, without any hint of embarrassment or uncertainty.



And before long I found myself singing loudest of all, ecstatic in glorious praise that our beloved home had been spared such tragedy!



Our Children, Revisited



"YOU REALLY THOUGHT I KILLED HIM? MAN, NO OFFENSE, BUT WHAT A CHUMP!"



"VIOLET DARLING, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU, AND WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU. NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, I WILL BE THINKING OF YOU EVERY MINUTE. I WILL WAIT FOREVER, MY DARLING."

VIOLET



Alone Forever



THEY PRETTY MUCH LET ME COME AND GO AS I PLEASE NOW. WE HARDLY EVEN EAT DINNER TOGETHER ANYMORE, WHICH IS FINE WITH ME.

I GIVE THEIR MARRIAGE ANOTHER TWO MONTHS, TOPS.



SO I DECIDED TO GO TWO WEEKS WITHOUT CALLING PERIOD AT ALL, JUST TO SEE IF HE MISSED ME, WHICH I GUESS HE DIDN'T. MEANWHILE, THE SCENE AT HOME GOT POSTY INTENSE, WHICH I MYSELF FIND SORT OF HILARIOUS. I MEAN, IT SERVES HER RIGHT!



I WISH HE WOULD JUST TELL ME IT'S OVER INSTEAD OF ALWAYS MAKING LAKE EXCUSES. HE'S SUCH A COWARD!



WELL I'VE HAD IT! I'M NOT GOING TO LET MYSELF BE TREATED LIKE SHIT BY EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD!



I SPENT THE NEXT TWO WEEKS STUDYING AND ACTUALLY WOUND UP GETTING ALL B's AND C's, WHICH IS PRETTY GOOD FOR ME.



I ALSO SPENT A LOT OF TIME AT JULIE'S, GETTING HER ROOM READY FOR THE BABY AND QUIF. SHE HATES HER EX TOO, SO WE GET ALONG NICELY.



ON THE DAY OF PROM, I DECIDED TO GIVE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE. I WAITED ON THE CURB OUTSIDE SCHOOL, JUST STANDING THERE LIKE AN IDIOT, UNTIL 5 O'CLOCK. WHILE ALL THE OTHER KIDS WENT HOME TO GET READY FOR THEIR DATES, I JUST STOOD THERE WAITING, GIVING HIM EVERY LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF.



I TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF HE JUST DROVE UP AND TOOK ME AWAY WITH HIM...



BUT, TO BE HONEST, I COULDN'T REALLY EVEN REMEMBER WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE. WHICH IS WEIRD! I MEAN HE'S SUPPOSEDLY MY HUSBAND.



TWO NIGHTS LATER I WAS MICROWAVING A BOX OF SOY BEANS (OUR OFFICIAL FOOD) AND DECIDED TO CALL AND TELL HIM IT WAS OFFICIALLY ALL OVER.



INSTEAD OF HIS MACHINE THERE WAS A MESSAGE SAYING HIS PHONE WAS DISCONNECTED. THIS REALLY SUCKS BECAUSE I WANT HIM TO RETURN ALL THE BABY PICTURES AND PERSONAL STUFF I SENT HIM.



SO NOW, ONE WEEK LATER, I FIND MYSELF HERE IN THIS RYDER TRUCK, WAITING FOR MY MOM TO YELL AT PAUL ONE LAST TIME BEFORE WE MOVE ON.



THIS TIME, WE'RE GOING TO ARIZONA TO DUMP ALL THIS STUFF AT MY AUNT'S HOUSE AND THEN SUPPOSEDLY WE'RE MOVING TO HAWAII! HEY, IT'S FINE WITH ME.



THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS STUPID TOWN I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS IS POOR OLD CHARLES.



THE POOR KID... HE FINALLY GETS ANOTHER MOM AND SHE RUNS OUT ON HIM TOO...



I'M SURE MY MOM NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT THAT FOR ONE MINUTE. THE HEARTLESS BITCH.



I SORT OF MEAN IT, TOO. I LIKE CHARLES... HE'S ALRIGHT... HE'S DEEP...



I GUESS I'LL ALSO MISS JULIE, AND WATCHING HER BABY GET BORN... THOUGH I GUESS THAT COULD BE PRETTY DEPRESSING, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT... ANYWAY, THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR ME AND ICE HAVEN... BYE, CHARLES.



VIDA GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

And so, dear reader, I have a very important announcement to make: I am suspending publication of *The Weekly*. In fact, I don't even intend to publish the words you are now reading.



So how ARE you reading this, anyway? That's a good question. Are you my future biographer? Are you sitting in the library of Congress right now, going through my papers? How exciting!



Anyway, I never sold a single copy of the magazine (in fact, Pete Jr. of Pete's books asked me to take back my dismaying copies because they were "taking up too much space"), nor did I get any reviews, nor did any of my so-called "heroes" write to me.



And Mr. Wilder threw his copy in the trash!! Can you imagine my despair? That's what I get for digging through his garbage, I guess.



So that's when I decided to give up all hope of being a writer (a Writer). Boy, talk about a relief...I spent the next two days fantasizing about all the different jobs I could get before I decided it was hopeless and I'd better look for a rich husband (preferably on his death-bed).



Now here comes the unbelievable part: I was literally getting there fretting about my future when a phone call came from Hollywood! Someone in the mailroom at *TEEN PEOPLE* had given some producers a copy of my magazine and I was being summoned immediately to work on a big movie project!!



Tomorrow at 11:40 AM I leave for my glamorous new life. I will be the biggest, richest, most popular writer in history!! You best watch, dear reader, I'll be the biggest whore ever!!



HARRY NAYBORS

Explains Everything



